

Speedball

Do waves reunite to find the shore?
Or is it hills that are climbed?
In the night cars pass from sight
On the road. The "car crash"
Is suddenly what you and I try to do,
Permitting the future to believe
In "the reproduction." What little
I have left I cannot do without.
I bear the burden of responsibilities
& understand drugs deaden the senses
& nerves. Now I neither move nor rise
& am seldom seen. I have regained
The simplicity of winter again.
& am fulfilled as clouds fulfill the sky.

-- Gerard Malanga

king david: for the sun
what positions are
appropriate
care what
when it comes to love
you learn to do,
slow,
what's done by the hand done
by the body
in dark.
she lay beside him,
she had orders to
appropriate
care, &
he could not
go into her
but loved her loved
what kept his body
warm.

-- ronald caplan

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